

# CROP WIRES

**CLIMBING? Volunteers In Policing Program appear to impress QLD cops**

**THRILL**

**HILL!**

**Before You Go To War: Handy checklist  
+ MORE, more more** *No War 2TH!*

**DESPITE THE SMELL: Tobacco burned  
in C.W.H.Q. pleasing to the Lord**

## On the house

**Word-toilet (computerfile typing seat), listening to n suppressing thought-bowel-movements (backed-up thoughts) onoff fr weeks. In life-box (house)**

## WIERD PART

**Possible slogan for good journalism: Who, what, when, where, how, why;** who specifically, who generally/stereotypically ~~where, how much, how much of what, why, where, how, for who, for... why me? No, no, pass it on to (coworker), lawsuits? Profitability? Where.. I don't know...~~ Sorry, I've got some good leads on... Oh cut that bit out, Ffs what is this new software? LOL- people are dumb, this'll do. Ff I hate the boss. Oh yeah sure, I can do that.

**Something, something, and something: the something-how to write smart title**

~~There will be two or three things that will be the factors that are important for the topic. The topic will verge between quirky clickbait and a serious academic article.~~

~~If there are two many seemingly disparate topics that could be listed in a title for your article, it will look a bit weird, becayse titles have to be a certan way for people to think you're not an over-laboring tryhard with words. Even if it is scientifically accurate, you feel, to list, say,~~

~~Trying hard, feeling consciencious, suppressed superiority complex, doubt, academia, think-pieces, self-consciousness, career ambitions, relative sophistication; writing an article that will be good for a journal or relatively-intellectual-mainstream-but-respectable-publication,~~

~~It ain't good enough. See, I am of the demographic who can write this shit, is/was inclined to in undergrad arts essays. So I'm reacting to myself. So perhaps overly being mean.~~

~~Hmm ff oh I only should wirte a few more pages, 12 is near-max for my zine.~~

**How to express concern for a social issue in weak, beaurocrat-like terms**

using 'problematic', emphasising *how many* (eg a percentage), glossing over *emotion, spoken and behavioral evidence of character shown in precise circumstances.*

Using general terms which people don't know what they mean (if they're innocent). Using uncertain terms or trying to present balance or fair speculation (this is me tho) when really, you should just say, "ah I don't trust him, more out there for you love." or, "I dunno, I'll leave you to judge." or "theyre a fuckwit"

Wtf am I meant to do when someone's telling me someone's manipulative, problematic, just annoying, just 'cant hang out with them' etc? I don't know if you're the jerk too. Don't know how you think you can judge.

I mean I might take the warning (because who needs anyone? High standards) but I might not, if I am *actually vulnerable* and don't know wtf you're actually warning me about. Who, how, what, where, when?

Btw, I may be a hypocrite, because I am nonspecific about what/who/when I am REALLY thinking about writing this, just being general. So not to name names, but to give specific advice, I say, where there are rumours about someone, don't need to believe/judge but test for yourself by expecting the best normal from them. Not by analysing and asking other busy and/or inarticulate people. Just, seeing if you can pursue better/equal purpose and if they can cope. That's all.

## OFFICIAL STANCE ON (INSERT ISM)

### 1. VEGAN

You know how much time I have spent thinking about this? About three whole years, the hours spent thinking mainly about 'veganism' condensed. 'Vegan' is a good brand name for a generally good behavior of avoiding animal products I think, cause if you said, "hey, hey look at this shit, it hurts a conscious being in x way" for every food thing, then people would get overwhelmed with no instructions + solidarity group that tells you what to do. And so might

give up on it all. Strict 'Veganism' bypasses all that specific product history, and human issues, and tells you one simple rule, which is, don't use if animal thing is on/in thing.

I say 'veganism' in quotes because it was made up by some bourgeois romantic British people in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Not all 'vegans' are 'vegans'.

The term is added to halal, food allergies etc. by telling people to serve food certain way and respect life decisions, making people used to it, like a religion. But of course like religions or mild food intolerances, it is not strictly accurate always. This is why it feels iffy to say I'm vego or vegan. \*

Anyhow, for about four years (maybe 3 months vegan), I read article after article, forum post after forum post, about veganism and stuff like that. It is still intensely interesting, like mental health is interesting, but fuck, so many differing but valid perspectives on it that it feels like something I got over being THE CORRECT LIFESTYLE .

I'm sorry, I mean I'm trying to AVOID being totalistic and smug. In my not-veganism. Hard to find a good in-between, you know?

What IS extreme? Vegan ideals are anybody's ideals, who is not a sociopath. But they're that – ideals. Same with Christian or Buddhist ones, but you know, even most Christians know following the rulebook isn't enough.

Like DONT STOP CAUSE OF ME if it's a good part of your identity but just, put the big picture first. Cultural ecosystem for greater good– you bear your cross, I bear mine. We'll benefit from each other.

Also why do I know nobody straight edge xxxxxxxx? Might benefit from that. I don't know any, at all. Is it poor branding? I'd judge them for being embarrassing but appreciate that they at least balance out the alco's n addicts xtreme, you know. They'd drink V with me and run around at night. Instead of catching an uber normal-drunk. Anyhow rather hang out with people who give no fucks if I am vegan, xsxex, sexual abstinent, strict fair trade shopper or w/e strict behaviour

code BUT who show the basic value foundations of what is ideal.

Anyhow, veg's, who can confront a farmer, tell em how to do their business? That I'd be impressed by. Who'd also bring it up around a depressed parent buying cheap animal product? (I know, I know) Without being a tiny bit of an asshole? When I was vego, saw a mum on Jamie Oliver special where he slaughtered chicken (wasn't as 'humane' as they made out but ehh, seen worse stuff) and there was a mum there who essentially said he was classist for focusing on consumer ethics. Then my defensive, naive mind went to budgeting issues, contemplating the money management of the working class, with the extra element of "are u a cruel cunt as well as a poor cunt." Look, I get there are poor vegos, and it's cheaper (providing you dont have to worry about health stuff, everyones different) but when you're 'about' something, whose side do you get on first, in effect? Eat big mac n spit n face of bourgeois vegan? Rationally discuss affordable vegan options with stressed parent whose kids, say, have behavioural issues possibly related to low iron stores? Making yourself the authority?

Own mum was offended at my hovering over the trolley, judgin the Aldi bacon. Which wasn't necessary, strictly speaking, but you know, I had my priorities wrong when their point to me was, that everyone is farmed, including and *especially them*, working people, and I was acting superior with the lentils (which I later discovered had a load of snails on them prior to harvest. Plus the field animals slaughtered in mass harvest) while they slaved away at physical jobs. As I floated around doe-eyed examining grocery labels at supermarkets, getting too self satisfied (without meaning to be a brat, of course).

What about THEIR captivity? I wasn't *about* that, i didn't comfort, didn't liberate, was moving away in the bourgeois direction where I could forget it all. And feel CORRECT when actually I am the damn lazy, insular, self/body-obsessed person. Every single little animal precious but fuck u Mum n Dad! U could've just, like *got better jobs*. The animals cant. So foremost PROUD VEGAN over every other possible line of behaviour/thought.

Would've been good if we were all used to eating rice n vegan curries 7 meals a week like plenty who I know, I mean it's perfectly possible and an advancement from slice white vegemite sandwich and n apple, sausage n veg, weet bix

Honestly I'd buy a steak, and feel.. maybe embarrassed in front of vegans because it's a *slice of flesh*, but, feel it's as justified as a technically vegan meal. I have seen cow fields myself but not legume farming ever, and per cow a lot of steaks but plenty of little critters killed for lentil meals, considering harvest machines. Still respect those who don't want the dead things in them (I get the aversion, and think it's important you exist), but i'll do what i've got to do to function how I want to, according to food-getting I know works.

So basically I sit around cooking vego meals around vego housemates (cause fundamentally meat is wrong, and ugly) but will eat meat sometimes if I feel like it and, will feel good about countering anemic vulnerabilities, cause I can do more for society if Im not sitting round semi anemic thinking about how many iron tablets i've taken. Alright f off Im getting a meat kebab some time soon. Ur just as self indulgent f off! "dun want animal stuff" ois gud, heart melting even. But bit suspect if ism, as usual.

Just all in all the world is way too complex and incomprehensibly amazing, and fucked up to define people by having ate a cheeseburger last Tuesday. It's boring.

\*Plus (*bear with me, this isn't strictly necessary*) it was a *kind of person*, it seemed, who was vegan or vego, where I lived, at the age I chose my food. They were really interested in health things, and I guess I would get over-consumed in causes. I even went to a little course/conference thing at a vegan restaurant on the Gold Coast. We got a slice of cashew cheesecake and maybe lemongrass tea. I had a redbubble ('quirky' tshirt site) tight babydoll shirt and one of the young cool-ish people, a guy had a hoodie with the same planet rainbow screen print design, which we awkwardly pointed out. I was absent-minded and had a big pimple and almost waist-long hair.

And I had the impression margarine was bad, too unnatural, so I mentioned to some people, just impressed that I could relate and speak to people, that I grew up on stuff like margarine and white bread but now I found the light, but a petite young lady with the matching-shirt guy said "I grew up on the stuff" (margarine).

## SOBER ASSESSMENT

Veganism good, list of exceptions for whether it is worth strictly adhering to is up to you, your own priorities, and –

Fuck me, writing this on my fucking foxconn factory sweatshop pollution office, american apparel spaghetti top, carload of lentils driven form across town, intellectual disposition to look up nutritiondata.self statistics, the fucking time to get.. shit, like an iron pan, pronness to low iron, unemployment, fucking OBSESSIVE PERSONALITY, culturally middle class pov, uptight, fucking nitpicking, socially dividing, contemplating my own stupid stomach taking iron tablets before bed cause you shouldn't take with other meds, combining with vitamin C powder off ebay, big fucking self specialising consumer obsession faith in what I buy, remember when i'd eat what food was in front of me that I felt like eating, and read book, be spontaneous insyead of puritanical and fighting own nature, you'd better believe in ridding the world of carnivorous animals to ready for a vegan utopia, a techo-inter-species communism, cause youre farmed too, and you're for the time being allowed to steal a damn egg every once in a while. You'll want to euthanise an animal if you think it's ok for people too, better not be ethically objected to eating an aborted animal fetus, better be ok with, with office cubicles converted to sow stalls, with the pigs being trained to come in all the time, you trained animal, you better be sexually abstinent in case you accidentally rape someone, in case you swallow their cum, find out you're an extension of their patriarchal or economic cage, brought in for the mating process for more kids to farm,

OK back on track. What're some legitimate excuses for not being strict vegan? What're some circumstances? Give em to me, all the GOOD things I can do as not-vegan cause I really, really,

crave ice cream like you crave a hollow, sterile substitute for righteousness

... >:|

JuSt Kidding I DONT KNOW ANYTHING much (and you better believe I know the arguments)

### **A Truly Progressive Theatre is More than Wheelchair Access**

Toilet decks, sanatorium decks, serious. Citations, if needed.

### **Coerced Individual Differentiation in Small Group Photo Settings vs. Crowd Conformity: Which is more stressful?**

Study compares lives of people in photos with diverse facial expressions and uniform smiles.

### **‘Extremism’ means cherry-picking**

It doesn’t mean ‘true-to-principles’ i.e. ‘fundamental’.

### **How class and social separations come about today**

I will locate firstly, people whose way of knowing (or ontology) is from how they feel and what they see from a humble (yet proud) place they have barely left, and a humble job. For them it is what they see, how they feel when they see it, what they predict, and how they will feel about that.

They yarn to each other, are wary of outsiders, may not have the time or will to test or build knowledge with future interactions, but will have exposure to media.

This is every person more or less. For some people the small amount of media or education is dumb. For others it is smart but confusing. For others it understands where others see things and feel.

People are born different and have random things change them. Sometimes there are not things to

do for people together. So different people leave, and then it is the media that shows them.

### **How to diffuse an identity crisis: stuff you can do and stuff you can be recognised as being good to do**

Made a pancake. Good? Rest of article TBC

Ideology Kits of Each Side of a ‘Battle’: Lists of Influential Products, Life Influences, Histories

### **BEFORE YOU GO TO WAR**

Every time before a war, you have to summon all the leaders and a bunch of people from each country selected like a jury to decide if they want to fight. They all get lent a computer so they can be on the livestream video call. It is on a website where you can see all the countries who might go to war doing their negotiations or arguing.

For people such as ISIS who aren’t a proper nation state, and like to use technology, I guess you would just get representatives from the official country and also perhaps track down people who are governed by them.

It would be possible for anyone in the discussion or debate to summon a third party who they think could say something useful or who has something to do with the war possibility, such as people who sell weapons.

The public contributors can also opt to let some reserves into the conversation. And also, there are children and elderly people.

### **BEFORE THE KIDS WANT TO DIE**

You make sure all the kids know that they don’t have to be

### **I SKIPPED SOCIALISING TO WRITE THIS**

It must be very important. Like work. Maybe if I stay home and ‘work’ on this every day, I can complain that I never get anything but that I struggle for this and thus share in the worker’s struggle and deserve money that no-one will want to give for a product by a worker-for-

money. Maybe I'd ask God for the money, because you know, according to that kind of thought, it would be justice of the universe for my toil to have a return.

If you're unemployed, you might be self-effacing to make it up to everybody who has to work. Most people don't care that much what you do as long as it is something that gets money. And talking about pay is, I dunno. So really, you could just do something and say you work as it. And it really sucks, shit pay. They should like that.

## **STORIES FROM THE PARTY**

1. There is a self care trend of eating an orange in the shower. Wtf? So first, you presumably don't take care of yourself already. Sitting down to a nice plate just doesn't cut it anymore? Eat it in the shower!

2. I didn't feel excited to get drunk, or to have loud music. Then I heard somebody in the kitchen say that everybody was saying they were bothered by the potential tinnitus from all the shows lately.

It was good to hear that because I felt a bit down about live music, because tinnitus is pretty awful. If you're drunk enough, you don't notice or care, but you notice the next day.

It is like everything about live music is great except for the habitual drinking and too loud. I am drinking now to take the edge off consequences of drinking earlier, and I didn't even have a drink in my hand all the time on Sunday.

But of course there is a reason we drink, cause it makes you feel good. And also it's not the worst thing in the world and some people do it all the time. They are always there for the drinking self, we were talking about, at 3am when you feel like staying up they are there to talk and watch videos with.

In itself, it is a bit sad like any substance that's got side effects but as long as it's good for your deepest self,

## **A situation I heard of**

Tradie employed casually has to drive out of town to bring most of his tools and be the main dude who knows what he's doing on the worksite. Says to boss privately that he can't physically do it, and think it's worth the pay rate, plus pay for petrol and support a family.

So they move him to full time, will give petrol reimbursement but say to keep it on the downlow with the coworkers. And that they get contracts because they can bid lower than the other companies.

So yeah, keep this on the downlow, in case someone sees. People might get mad and they might fire them all and get people who are used to working 6 days a week.

They also gave him lower pay on the full time contract and no overtime pay.

## **Another one**

There is a guy who looks after a person with high functioning down syndrome, in consultation with his family and a boss. The overarching company changed over to another one by someone and they first (dunno what his title or qualification) taught him how they do things like don't use the word 'client' like the old company. They just really don't like it, and suddenly their new workers are offensive people for having used the word.

Anyhow the worst of the whole thing was a pay cut of about \$100 a week.

A fucked thing is that the person being looked after, who is in the centre of all the paperwork, meetings, and all that, has the money-concept of a small child and can't advocate for a well-paid, valued carer. "Wtf, you're getting funding to care for me, right? Who is the \$100 going to now?"

## **So, you want to be a \*\*\*\*? Networking, survival skills, self-care for a sustainable, flexible \*\*\*\*\* career**

What is a '\*\*\*\*', exactly? '\*\*\*\*\*' is short for \*\*\*\*\*\*, and refers to people who appear to

have little change prospects to present as ordinary members of society.

It's useful to remember that the life of the \*\*\*\*\* is not altogether unfamiliar to most people. You will find that as you familiarise yourself with the language and lifestyle of the \*\*\*\*\* that it overlaps with your own existing learning. This should make it easy.

To start, it does help significantly if you were raised in a \*\*\*\*\* environment. If you are reading this, you likely have not had complete immersion in the lifestyle and thinking of the \*\*\*\*\*.

This is actually an asset to your learning as you can often act with more deliberate contemplation and creativity than the complete \*\*\*\*\*. You may be able to enjoy more of the perks and avoid most of the pitfalls. But while your extra-\*\*\*\*\* exposure may give you unique tactics, they may lead to other more complicated slippery-slopes, which will likely prolong suffering and defer complete embrace of the \*\*\*\*\* community.

So, why does one become a \*\*\*\*\*? It is certainly challenging, and burnout is high.

Hospitalisations, inconsistent payment, PTSD, C-PTSD, mental health difficulties, periods of no autonomy and periods of no external guidance, unpaid after-hours pastoral work, and an excess of administrative duties are common complaints.

Many still persist in this role, however. The rewards can include highs unimaginable to ordinary 9 to 5 drones. There is a sense of camaraderie and a values-orientation. Being a \*\*\*\*\* is remarkably inclusive of many religions, styles and political views. It is perhaps the most diverse career in Australia, with the highest representation of cultural minorities. \*\*\*\*\*s can also boast of many popular figures associated with their lifestyle, such as John the Baptist and arguably Jesus himself.

However, we know that it is impossible to act virtuously to survive as a true \*\*\*\*\*. There are hypocrisies in everything so at the end of the day, people get what they can.

As a \*\*\*\*\* , your job is to get what you need and remind people that your actions are because of desperation or a genuine social conscience barely

imaginable to most people. Either that, or they are your attempts to conform to what a representative of society wants, or an idea of what society is.

Half the time, your success will be contingent on reminding others that you are not like most people. You are of a category of person which requires professional knowledge and exceptional treatment due to factors you cannot control. The human services sector and health system depends on yourself fitting into categories to be managed. The less personal your relationship with these people, the easier it is to be granted concessions this way. We could call this self the 'self-for-government' and 'self-for-charity'. 'Self-for-\*\*\*\*\*-friends' will operate on a different code.

The other half of the time, your success will be contingent on reminding others that you are just like most people, or have the potential to be. Don't be fooled, you will still have to consider your day job when choosing recreation, as certain activities are not as conducive to a successful \*\*\*\*\* career. This will be discussed later. But it is still desirable to have time where you are 'normal'.

Depending on your level of control, the predictability of your circumstances and experience dealing with different kinds of people, you can toggle between these 'selves' quite efficiently.

Some \*\*\*\*\* roles can be quite cruisy. For instance, you can simply be poor with a stable income, contentedly watering pot plants in your track pants. You could have a quiet and even respectable life, to those who know you. Your 'sick self' is discussed with those whose specific job is to help sick people and require your cooperation, and with those who unavoidably must learn how to interact with your 'self-for-charity' or 'self-for-government'. These procedures can be simple and let you get on with humble, but stable time for your natural interests.

More challenging and complex are roles which do have more perks, enable (or require) you to travel more, enable you to exercise diverse talents and oratory skill - and if you are young and inexperienced, help you to build up a diverse

portfolio which will impress human service bureaucracy and the \*\*\*\*\* network. You will need some experience for certain bonuses and work perks.

Relationships with family, friends and housemates are likely to be challenged, as is natural with any intensive education. Depending on your stage and specific \*\*\*\*\* role, they (and you, if you don't know what you want or need) will be unclear on which 'self' you are occupying, and thus will not know the appropriate way to respond to you. At worst, they will excommunicate you and give you a fast-tracked \*\*\*\*\* course option, and at best, their ambivalence – or loving patience – will allow you to do what you want for a longer period of time.

Sometimes your environment matches your strongest manifestation of \*\*\*\*\*ism, or you mould your environment to suit your needs. This slower pace of learning can build up a more holistic, team-based \*\*\*\*\*.

It can take experience to juggle priorities. You may have to compromise some of your deepest \*\*\*\*\* values to be in these socially complex \*\*\*\*\* roles, but will receive perks you may need to tide you over, while gaining some experience for the future.

Remember that if a role isn't for you, you don't have to stay in it forever. You may also consider back-up careers and your ability to have a broad network.

In the simpler \*\*\*\*\* roles, more intellectually capable or talented \*\*\*\*\*s may get bored, find the validity of their \*\*\*\*\* lifestyle questioned, or find that it is too restrictive.

It is a pity that such roles are considered beneath the higher class of \*\*\*\*\*s as the long-term stability and potential for life-long friendships is substantially higher. Once settled into a routine, the \*\*\*\*\* finds stable hobbies and support networks. However, it must be acknowledged that this is not possible for everyone, as escalating drug problems, changing human services policies, and a diffused support network

and clashes with other \*\*\*\*\* are some factors that make this difficult.

A prominent example of this in pop culture is Ricky, from Canadian show Trailer Park Boys. Despite his attempts to be a stable father and partner, get a basic education and stay out of prison, various dramas and schemes of the other residents draw him in. His friend Bubbles is closer to the successful stable \*\*\*\*\*, as he has settled into a bachelor lifestyle with his kitties for company and is not as much driven to prove his identity and intelligence to the others. An Australian stable \*\*\*\*\* would be Damo from Damo and Darren.

Much less publicised are those who maintain poverty and the marks of former or stable \*\*\*\*\* with quiet dignity. They won't be in your face as much when you're going about your business, as they make do with their small amount as honestly as they can, often shamefacedly. They are the truest battlers. In fact, I feel guilty associating them with the '\*\*\*\*\*' career.

In fact I felt weird about writing this and cbf finishing this.

## **DISREPARITY BETWEEN INTENDED AND ACTUAL ALCOHOL CONSUMPTION**

This is OK, if you drink too much (more than intended) for a little bit. I think this is the time where if you do it, you feel like it's OK and no big deal (like ppl 20<sup>th</sup> century having tokes of weed during the moral panic) and you'll talk about it most.

Where you won't talk about it is where you're actually a mild bit scorn worthy.

I am going to sit out the discomfort of having no more alcohol left because I should not drive to the drive thru at this stage.

Alright so I sobered up a little and I went.

I know, wake up different. Worse. Take longer to get to the tranquil sobriety state. But I am in 'getting things done' mood. I am going things I did not learn to do while sober, but while drink.



Perhaps I can learn to correct that learning imbalance someday, between what I have learned sober, and what I learned drunk, but for now, I want to hammer stuff out drunk and with no-doz.

For one I took the skateboard for a little ride when I am shy or scared to usually. And am concentrating on writing rather than jumping at sounds of possums. Does that mean I perhaps have Generalised Anxiety Disorder or should stop the stimulants? Nahh I'm just working things out. It's not that I have the most good time usually but I'm working it out. Don't wanna join the SSRI club, not the alco (drinky, some say) club either but it's more old and you can take or leave for a time. Hmm I won't endorse either, I mean first and foremost is accepting yourself as a basic human. You find the CENTRE of human dignity, not a plan or ruse to land a job or balance the conflicting demands of all the 'normal' things.

I mean how many times have the 'normal' things in education, social life, creativity, general common sense been made out to be SO HARD by some dumbarse when you know they're easy, till you might think maybe you can slack off or maybe pretend to the dummies feel better, and then maybe, suspect MOST people end up idiots.

Anyhow, f\*%^, the drink isn't consuming my anxiety completely as I am speaking as though I am alcoholis after succumbing to some ciders on the tuesday after a drinking Saturday and Sunday. To be honest, at least five of them, as strong as normal beers (and 1 standard drink is not one normal drink, we know, they are usually 1.2-1.5).

What I am aware of, after having not drank for one weekend while NOT being a computer-tethered recluse, or on family visit, is that the combination of withdrawal anxiety (complicated by one medication and caffeine.. etc), social strain, sense of \*\*\*\*ish camaraderie, and/or sense of wider-society-accepted excuse is what drives the alc consumption to questionable levels. (sober interjection: was physically tense inside, and didn't do the job drinking fully on weekend cause didn't feel like drinking as much. But had drank just enough to get the tense feeling)

Honestly, you can maybe trust me a tiny bit better, as I am really pretty (I mean, enough that I care to write and recall) scrupulous. I started drinking like what media says is 'normal' (i.e. one or two nights a week) at about twenty three (after mainly being around people with people with, at least budding, actual responsibilities). I took a prescribed med with it too, so probs never loosened up same way (loosened up for what?). And generally speaking, am wary about rapists, muggers, house fires, and unplanned pregnancies, and drug-induced HELLISH psychosis around any corner. (+ someone seeing me picking my nose or listening to my own soundcloud recordings 2nite).

Well, I am conscientious, scrupulous, and am testing myself right now to see if I can continue the train of thought I just got on. If I can't, I suppose I will just leave this here.

But I have a back-up for if I can't finish the writing stuff. Which is unlikely, unless I am a too uptight person.

Argh,, oh, but I know it is SO HARD to start things, to decide what to do, to take risks, when you are sober. It DOES happen, and it feels better than compensating for shitty drinking experience with MDMA (I have heard, at least, and it seems that way, one dude had caffeine at dance party and felt clear and energised, social, romantic) and solo caffeinated youtube trains are sometimes so fun, when you find something that's a goldmine.

Sometimes the sober energy is dumb solo shit, like 'you laugh you lose (something to do with reddit)' or sometimes it's, "wow, this is what it feels like to be healthy and not interrupt a train of thought about an important thing by flooding my brain with something that is so clearly poisonous. Imagining the feeling of being intoxicated by (insert preferred substance) seems gross and unnecessary now."

And you never know for sure, what your real self is.

But you can start anew, long as you know what's good for you.

Frankly I don't want to TRY to live longer than everyone else, so average consumption of people my age from about 40 years ago is my guideline, roughly (what I guess it is, anyhow). I don't want to be a pioneer of unprecedented drug use, but I don't want to be sitting around at 95 with my friends n family dead. Nor do I want to be one of the ones who they're researching to see what all the new combo/quantity of drugs did to a generation (something that influenced my feeling here is reading From Working Class Hero to Middle Class – no, I googled it, From Working Class Hero to Absolute Disgrace, then googling the author and finding out he ended up drowning in a ditch in his 40s or 50s during a period of personal drama. It was a great autobiography, but was his ending cautionary tale?).

Sorry, it's NOT all about drugs, ffs that dude's whole book was about the emotional, social and cultural significance of his transition from council flat kid to fancy chef to writer/tutor (if I recall right) and I am just thinking of his period of MDMA use. I'd like to hear about all the other people who used drugs too, you know. I don't have a study.

But perhaps us, who are in demographics more likely to want to change brains and bodies, who sense cultural/social conflict keenly enough to care to write words or songs, to find odd groups of people, should be wary of the extra risk, and not end up like that guy.

What was most disturbing is that he was a normal and articulate guy, great writer too. He got successful in a middle class sense (job, home) but didn't have things worked out to a basic level of stability.

It is the same with some other writers that I keenly remember and deeply appreciate as influences, but no longer see as reliable.

It was sort of heartening to find out that Lester Bangs took cough syrup, as he was who I was reading while starting this, but he is no-one I'd strive to actually be.

It is sure progress that I, and my forebears, needed less drugs thn he did (I assume), and less

work pressure, I should add, to write about music, and to benefit from the contribution.

### **Why stuff in the 80s was different**

The way things were designed was because of moods and political situations, not 'people pulling strings at the top' or 'just the product evolving to be better'

The 80s was the peak of communist worls and the west having stuff in common, in pop culture stuff that I can see, anyhow, like the spiritual side of communism.

The communists knew that to for a certain psychological fulfilment, you had to have a God but they could of course, not prove or Christ-like show the characteristics of a perfect God to billions of subjective humans, so they first had a God-like idea of revolutionary equal salvation in People's Heaven, then became a quite creepy church. Scary God looking down on you. Probably made up of mainly some of the nicest, humble people, but some real creeps and abusers in the hierarchy of power, you know. And the congregations turns up again, and again, some of em just needing the free childcare and bread.

In the West there were many churches like this already, acting to govern society with the government. There was a lot of new things that poor people would make but not get, too. And things that you could get or do to help you feel better were disappearing (nature) or looked down upon (sex, drugs, alcohol, shopping, sleeping in). So something like a dream of 'the people's heaven' had to happen.

In a book The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists, written a century ago, the dramas and struggles are similar with people struggling with intermittent, harsh employment but they had no Gold fm. To get them through the day.

The main character Owen had some rational arguments, as well as the poverty tourist at the end, but they were still very much squares. To get the working class out of misery you had to have much more than some smartarse teacher and be at your wits end. You had to have a 'pull' factor, a dream.

Without a dream , the people perish, they say.

The title I was going to have was, **Why Metallica etc??, hip-hop and sportswear is the pinnacle of western civilisation**

It's tacky, secular, mass produced, liked by all classes but also exemplifies what was meant to make the West different; individual autonomy.

The styles from the 80s just haven't gone away. The classic songs are still classic. Pop culture just seemed to go a bit wonky since the Berlin wall fell.

It's like back then, we knew what we were doing a bit more. You can't not have an ordered society if you want the new technology and those dreams of progress and you don't want it not to be voluntary.

You could also flaunt it to the other half of the modern world without feeling like a dickhead. They say you're a sucker for the bourgeois masters, you say they're a sucker of the govt.

Also you they don't get to do union marches over and over. They overthrew the system and gave the land to be commanded by some people/

This is an article that I should maybe be writing in a less tired state but I dunno, this will do for now. Maybe I can use my tired, over heated state as an incentive to remember things that are internal. How it feels to work in a hot factory. Or to be taken out of your cushy bourgeois situation to be forced to reflect on how much you care for society at large, or 'the people'.

Anyhow, again, ill say that music or clothes were different because the people were actually different. Maybe you can't have stuff like in the 20<sup>th</sup> century because you're actually a quite different person in a very different situation.

If not much different to people in the 70s, youre still in a vastly different global political and economic situation.

I don't know if we comprehend the psychological, emotional, physical differences we have now.

However, it is possible to glimpse at the differences. We are stuck in now but our lives vary in how mentally/socially 'plugged in' to the world we are, or 'plugged in' to different eras.

## **FUNNER PART**

### **Mxtt Film Review**

**Oct 25 - Sole Survivor - 7.5/10**

I stumbled across this little known flick while down a youtube rabbit hole of aviation mysteries and disaster stuff. 'Sole Survivor' is a 1970 made-for-TV movie about a World War 2 bomber crew that gets stranded in the Libyan desert after their plane crash lands. The only thing is the film is set almost 20 years later and they're still stuck just hanging out there, having not aged a day. They are ghosts! trapped in eternal limbo until their skeletons are found somewhere in that expansive wasteland! The only thing the crew want by this point is a proper burial - that is the extent of their hopes, dreams, and desires. That is such a bleak and depressing situation - holy shit! Anyway I won't spoil the rest but it's heavily inspired by a true story of a bomber that met a similar fate called 'Lady Be Good'. It's a good wikipedia/youtube rabbit hole to explore when hungover or when feeling da bleak vibez.

**Cross Wires:** Thx Mxtt. It is good to know good things to watch while not feeling xpexlly good.

textual enthusiasm ix good

## **Cold Fish Melbourne Tour Vignette**

**By Shan**

We'd been gakk'd up for almost two days straight. The night before we performed to an enthusiastic but also sparse crowd. I'd claim that's the way I prefer to perform but I can barely recall playing to more than 40 people (this is over a 7-yr period).

Tonight was a night off and we continued to rely on muscle memory and stimulants. We were headed to the mountain top – a precipice of irresponsibility. Daring something or someone to stop the self-aggrandising, monument breaking, auto-destruct button that cannot be undone.

Until the TOTE barie who'd quite rightly had enough of everyone's shit and called last drinks. Ironically, I was fist-pumping, table top to TJL's 'Boilermaker' post the rock music event (not post-rock ya conservatorium, clean shirt). Who was good that night? The Snakes, Spiritual Mafia and... others, got-damn memory.

Fortunately, a friend from the past had been hanging tough and gave us an out. But she made it clear that it was lights-off scenario. Thankful, we lay our buzzing heads on Nicole's couch.

We'd regressed to Neanderthalian levels of cognition. For the next two hours we indulged our inner 5-yr old, "cracking" flatulence-related jokes. Calling them "jokes" is a gross overestimation and Nicole's housemate couldn't have been too pleased both auditorarily and olfactorarily.

Sometimes chemicals don't mix and the one who ingested too much California Sunshine went for a stomp-up Brunswick. The next day, I & others

continued to lick plates and bask in the Victorian Sun. Nicole had a street-cat who had AIDS, we nicknamed him, Geoff Corbett.

Mr. Corbett (real name Muesli) was a real, living and breathing, beautiful ball of yarn. He harmlessly played amongst the blooming daffodils, stinger-less bees and other vegetation. I don't think he knew he had AIDS but if he did, he was Buddha-like.

We were playing hits like, "got the life" and other male-orientated, self-loathing pop-metal. Incel anthems before incel nomenclature reared its head in year of @therealdonald. Oh and Carole King, "it's too late", is it? You're so vain! Probably Carly. Yes. I wanted to disappear into the foliage...

Someone broke out the GABA viewed as an offset to the self-inflicted walloping we'd inflicted on our individual & collective neuronal pathways. The GABA wasn't helping but maybe each other's company did.

By the end of the trip, I think we all arrived at the same place, back in Brisbane. Our burdensome bodies ejected for 4-5 days and the process of reconnection each had differing inflections of pain, joy, elation and disappointment.

All that could have been was and all that could have been wasn't but I won't forget your lessons, Mr. Corbett.

### **A warm thank you**

Good poorly masquerading as evil is better than evil bound up in good presentation. You will know then by their fruits. Lynton from The Satanic Rockers sent some zines, pictures and CD's. They were good.

### **A friend of a friend**

They were teenagers in Logan and the river was flooded and they went swimming. One of the guys grabbed on to a tree with the water rushing past. Then a helicopter came over and an SES dude had to be lowered down for him to hold on to. His shorts got stuck on a branch and his pants came off as the rope got pulled up again.

He copped it the next day at school, “nice white arse”. Then he got a \$10 000 bill for the helicopter ride.

## **A WARM APOLOGY**

To Sorry Golden State, as I inadvertently fucked up their prac by breakng a bass string the night before. It still sounded good to me though. The songs get stuck in my head. Cause I hear em all the time, and cause they’re decent.

## **GOON SAX THE HAUNT**

Didn’t see any opening band. Unless the SGS prac counts! Met a dude who didnt know anyone but heard about em three weeks ago and liked their music.

Pretty good atmosphere, very crowded and they were fresh from overseas tour. They went a little wild. I was out because drank beers and decided I wasn’t going to sit around pretending to be a goth.

## **STORIES FROM THE PARTY**

The night before, or the other night, a man and his friend or brother got very drunk at home, and drank all their alcohol, and then went to the neighbour’s house and drank all their alcohol.

## **V.I.P.P., BIN LICKER, SOOT, KITCHEN’S FLOOR, THRILL HILL HOUSE SHOW SUNDAY 18/11/2018**

Shows two Sundays in a row.

What’s a little house show on an afternoon compared to all these big social issues? What kind of a social occasion is this, to make it so important? Isnt it a bunch of mainly young hip

folks pretending they own the place with the loud parties?

Not so. Fir one the music was not obnoxious trash (despite the names Bin Licka and Kitchen’s Floor) and under the house we listened and were pretty still like we knew this calm heritage Queenslander didn’t really belong to us to stretch out our bodies. Bin Licker had just enough time a bit after 3pm to dredge up the anxiety and repressed disgust of the suburbs and – yeah I know it sounds like a teenage punk band so far- let it loose, slowly bleed over the hills that usually get letters saying “Hi, Bon Jovi/Beiber/Adele/etc. will be playing at the stadium and it’ll be loud cheers, the council”. Gave my physical goosebumps, sat and did absolutely nothing at all, just listened to the truth echoing over the evening, hungover people turning in their beds, children hearing the first taste of weird music, wondering if they’ll hear it again and what the future will hold, afternoon getting cooler. “NEVER BEEN BETTER, NEVER BEEN BETTER” yelled a bit shaky, then morphing into another statement.

Like people in the expensive, modernised and shuttered-off houses around here who you never see except when the garage door is open and you wonder if they’re having a domestic.

For two, after their short set finished, the band V.I.P.P. (stands for Volunteers In Policing Program) played, which is Ewan Finley from Sex Tourists and Aloha Units, doing the really earnest and gentle, good-boy-from-rougher-part-of-town sounding vocals (I would describe it as melodic talking), and it was around that time that the Qld Police arrived. They talked to Glen and he said, no worries, the next bands will play upstairs, probably that it’ll finish by x time, and they left. Their car was parked about 20m away where they could glimpse everyone over the part of the fence that’s fallen over. I don’t know whether they knew the band’s name. But I suppose they saw us all very well behaved, tho drinking a lot.



V.I.P.P. had a minimal drum kit with saucepan and shaky-cymbal-hand-round-thing (mind blank) and it felt like an ode to mythical old Brisbane, it was like early KF setup. A little more folk sounding (think they had an acoustic guitar) but still that urgent repetition and toughness that suggests to me, "I would feel less weird in a repetitive manual labour job than living on arts grants and playing at Woodford, or the disability pension." See, it is *nice* music but has a sense of reliability to it. They've got the time and mental resources to have a hand drawn, pastel, pattern of angels and demons on their tape. But it overall seems like a gentle toughness behind it, a resistance to letting digital mind clutter and self-conscious 'laid back lifestyle' fill the void. This is the opposite of a tightly controlled, monetisable, virtuoso, triple J nice folk band.



SOOT took to a crowded upstairs, Tia and Riley dressed in little old nana head coverings. Great

idea. Might try myself? Anyhow they sounded good but I reckon next time downstairs where sound is nice and crisp, and also move the couch, just generally get people closer to hear. I have written about SOOT a bit, and have listened to their unreleased album quite a bit. Got to admit I was distracted being at back of crowd, listening to talking a bit. There was ironic sexist talk. N I did a Beavis n Butthead comment, yeah, yeah, hurrhurr, why aren't they NAKED" which is inappropriate come to think. Some boys, who otherwise prove their gender equalism, were like, "why are there any women?" "why are women in bands?" and I was like "YEAH why arent they NAKED hurhur" and one of them said, "yeah, nah why arent they GUYS NAKED" and, we were all like [mind blank] but SOOT remains one of the best bands in Brisbane.

OH I will also mention that, I had a big jar as glass, that looked like it had urine in it, and was my legitimate favourite water bedside table glass, and Bekky put champagne in it! So I felt like I could get into the party more, quicker, as the sun went down. She had a plastic flute, I had a massage dumb jar, which after, I put white box wine and red bull in. It tasted grosser than champagne, for sure, but did the job I guess. Was just nice to get champagne is all. Really is easier to drink (no props to Brumbies spinach cheese roll, excess crust).

So anyhow, last band Kitchen's Floor played and, Matt yelling vox usual, Phoebe plugging away bass reliably, Glan drumming and mouth wide open at the window yelling, and I yelled too. Was more loose than the SOOT set and in crowd. Next to Tristan feeding longstanding thing where we elbow each other like we don't care, but do. So I loosen up a bit.

Shifting round, against the wall, yelling lyrics. "FAILURE.....KEEP AWAY FROM Me. WHY HAVE THEY BEEN SO NUMB? WHY HAVE THEY BEEN SO Dumb/NUMB/young/wrong/long/WARM?" Eyes shifting round at crowd.

The set finishes a song or two later and people chant "MORE, MORE, MORE" like, maybe Matt had said to me, wanting more youtubes and drinkies. But he said no, left his g-tar, went to

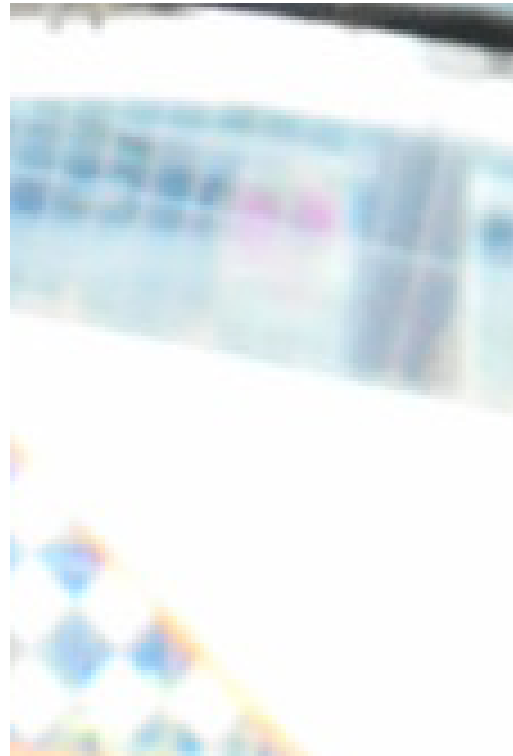
switch off amps, tipped over drum kit, guitar on floor for this older hippie dude Cam to squat over and swat at rhythmically, hilariously out of places, dreads sunies, n rainbows n abstract expression dance moves, as younger normal jeans n shirt punk kids on the couch cracked up and I cracked up, half arsed yelled MORRE or something,

Then, as recordings attest, my duty was to set up the youtube room. Brick PC had done duty so the kettle cord was to go to Linux Mint compooter. Some boys/men were impressed about the linux, or asked bout it and I was pleased.

I could be the tech jerk, n later sarcastically called someone I actually/inwardly respect hugely a f'n idiot for drunk complaining about the linux when it was the *firefox* app that changed the youtube controls, not the free operating syst that was keeping the taskbar down operating below just fine. Read in a book about brainwashing/totalism/re-education/manipulation that re-enacting past xperience is a thing people sub cuntsconscious do to find mastery, n maybe I did that. Don't thnk it hurt tho, cause thy smiled and and, conceded, "it's just unfamiliar".

Anyhow we ung out and it was cool that 'the office' was Also THE FUN ROOM. Wasnt too exciting but I thought a bit, having wandered off, and realised how really special and cool it was tha the room I write things in was the room friends can feel most relaxed in now in a youtube party, like they are cleansing, lending good vib3es to the place before I write about I all. Who has their 'office' the same place where the people concerned hang out?

The cigarette ash may not be pleasant to the senses but it is pleasing incence



Thanks!



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